

## THE LADY'S

OR,

## WEEKLY



## MISCELLANY;

THE

## VISITOR.

FOR THE USE AND AMUSEMENT OF BOTH SEXES.

VOL. XII.]

Saturday, December 22, 1810.

[NO. 9.]

## ALBERT AND EMMA.

*(An Interesting Tale.)*

Continued.

This confession, in the midst of so severe an affliction, long kept alive in the bosom of the marquis some feeble embers of expiring hope; he returned to his solitary castle, so late the scene of all his happiness, where he shut himself up for several days, to give vent to the first emotions of his sorrow.—The suspense, which he yet endured, relative to his son's destiny, had such an effect upon his spirits, that he determined to retire wholly from the world, and to deplore, in the solitude of his castle, the misfortunes of his family; but he did not so much yield to the impressions of grief, as to be regardless of his tenants and dependents; his generous nature would not permit him to be unmindful of their interest. They had long been the objects of his bounty; they now became the children of his

adoption; and, lost to domestic felicity, he centered all his remaining consolation in dispensing happiness to all around him. Years, followed years, in this manner: every search after his beloved son had been fruitless; he had long ceased to indulge the flattering prospect, which he had at first entertained, of recovering his lost treasure; and though his pious resignation, permitted him not to murmur at the decrees of Providence, yet no ray of hope cheered his declining age.

He beheld death approaching with that secret satisfaction, which anticipated a blest re-union with those dear objects, who had already, so long partaken of the reward of innocence and virtue. On the decease of the marquis, his estates devolved by inheritance, on the Baron of MORENZI, who was of a haughty cruel character, and revengful; whose reason and actions were subservient to his passions; and who scrupled not the commission of any excess, to gratify

his ambition, avarice, or sensuality.

Over these vices he had, by art and cunning, drawn a veil, which imposed on strangers; and to unfold which, a considerable share of sagacity and penetration was requisite; on those whom his heart secretly detested, he could smile with ease. A character so hypocritical, could not fail of becoming the aversion of the adjacent country; for however the deceiver may conceal his vices, in the formalities of courts and public life, they will always appear in their true light, to whom they are objects of neither fear nor regard.—His new vassals and dependents received a specimen of their treatment, which they were in future to expect, from the first moment of his arrival at his new abode.

They had collected together in the court of the castle, to celebrate his approach.—‘Wherefore,’ said he, as he descended from his carriage, ‘are you assembled here with gloomy faces and sable habiliments?—Is this the welcome you give your new lord?—I think you might have spared these trappings of woe for a departed master, to wait with

joy the commands of his successor.’ An universal silence succeeded this ungracious harangue, which so exasperated the baron, who expected to be received with acclamations of pleasure, that he broke forth in the following words: ‘Depart you minions of that indolent supineness, which marked the character of him whom you mourn in vain;—quit my castle, and if you have any business to transact, I refer you to my steward, who has attended me hither, and who will impart to you my commands.’ Awed and shocked to silence, the humble train retired from the presence of a man, whose dominion over them, promised nothing but the exertion of tyranny and oppression. In a day or two after his arrival, the system of affairs was entirely changed. The old steward was discarded, and his place supplied by a man, who had gained the confidence of the baron by the abject servility of his flattery.

The faithful servants were discharged, and succeeded by others, who had been the instruments of his vices. Bernard only, and a few more, who from the meanness of their situations had escaped his notice, were still permitted to

occupy their several departments. Instead of the condescension, with which their late lord had treated all around him the new master of these domains kept them at an awful distance ; and never permitted the plaints of poverty to reach his ear, or the groans of oppression to plead for mercy ; suffering virtue never obtained redress from his compassion, nor innocence from his justice. He had lived a life of luxury and debauchery, which had involved his private fortune in difficulties, from which his great acquisition was calculated to extricate him. A multitude of importunate creditors disturbed the first moments of his smiling fortune ; and instead of appropriating to the payment of his debts, a part of the princely revenue, the enjoyment of which he so little merited, such was his mean avarice, that he immediately devoted to the axe, some lofty rows of venerable trees, so many successive centuries the greatest pride and ornament of the castle of Clairville.

We now return to Albert, who soon gained that introduction, at the cottage of Bernard, he so anxiously sought, and by frequenting the society of this worthy old man, he had

daily opportunities of seeing, and conversing with, his lovely daughter. Powerfully charmed at first sight by her personal attractions, he now found, on acquaintance, an irresistible fascination in the superior beauties of her mind. Nature had formed her sentiments, just, delicate and virtuous, and her education had for two years received great advantage from a frequent intercourse with a lady of birth and distinguished talents, who had, on the decease of her husband, retired into a small habitation, situated in a vale near Bernard's cottage ; this amiable widow had lived many years in the great world, and had partaken both of its prosperity and adversity, sufficiently to shew her the instability of fortune : with her beloved lord, she had lost the superfluities of life ; but satisfied with competence, she had devoted the remainder of her days to solitude, and religion.

She conceived for Emma, then just fifteen, a strong attachment, and easily obtained Bernard's permission for his daughter's frequent visits — The good woman delighted in cultivating a mind whose capacity and genius promised every success. Emma read

aloud for hours, uninterruptedly, to her kind patroness, and read with an attention, that impressed upon her memory every thing worthy to be retained; and the subjects were constantly calculated to improve the morals and enlarge the understanding. At the end of two years, death stopped the progress of Emma's education, by suddenly depriving her of this most excellent friend: her little income reverted to the family of her husband, and she had nothing to leave the child of her adoption, but the simple furniture of her little dwelling. Emma mourned with affectionate regret, a loss so great, but determined to persevere in those studies, for which she had acquired so correct a taste, and which she was happily enabled to do, by becoming the possessor of the valuable and select collection of books, which formed the small library of the deceased. By rising very early in the morning, Emma was enabled to pursue her favourite employment, without trespassing on those hours, when her filial duties or domestic cares demanded her attention.

Young Albert soon discover-

ed in the conversation of Bernard's lovely daughter, a well informed mind, and an understanding which blended the artless simplicity of rural life, with the more refined sentiments of cultivated education.

The mental accomplishments of Emma, completed the conquest which her beauty had begun, in the heart of Albert; nor was it long ere a reciprocal and gentle flame was communicated to her bosom. The ardent lover, in the first flattering moments of aspiring hope, declared his passion, and offered at her feet his honourable vows. She blushed modestly, and referred her assent to her father's will. The heart of Bernard, at this unexpected proposal, felt all a father's rapture; but the strictest rectitude of his sentiments checked the momentary joy, and with that sincerity which marked his character, he declined so unequal an alliance, and represented to his young friend the impropriety of his forming any union unsanctioned by his family.— 'Accept our gratitude,' said Bernard, 'for the honor which you intend; were you less distinguished by rank and fortune, I should be proud to call you son. Emma's only dow-

er is virtue, and her birth is too humble for her to become your wife. Never shall false vanity, or sordid interest, betray me to an action at which my conscience would revolt. I will still be worthy your esteem, and the child you have honoured with your love, shall merit, at least by her conduct, the rank to which you would generously raise her. But you must meet no more; this is the stern decree of unsullied virtue and irreproachable honour. Return to your native country, with every wish that grateful friendship can bestow.'

*(To be Continued.)*

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*History of*  
**KITTY WELLS.**

(A TRUE STORY.)

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(Continued.)

There are a set of young fellows in London, whose fathers having toiled and amassed a fortune, leave them only the employment and pleasure of spending. Having a great deal of leisure, they learn to be great debauchees; and having the power of purchasing the various gratifications of life, they are constantly in

the search of them; from a thorough knowledge of the town, they are able to distinguish between the hacknied and innocent objects of desire: the former of whom they abandon, and the latter they debauch. As young, inexperienced men fall a prey to the artful and experienced women of the town, so the young and innocent of the female sex fall victims to those gay, embroidered rakes, whose arts of address and gallantry are heightened by every incentive that splendour, wit, and manners can bestow. Some of these young fellows are members of parliament. Yes; these very grave, sedate, sober, and prudent men (as senators surely ought to be) have, some of them, heads as green, and hearts as passionate, as any other members of the community; and while the senate house is filled with boys of one and twenty, it must be so. These gentlemen, who may be called the rangers of the metropolis, are everlastingly in pursuit of intrigue; and they have such opportunities and knowledge, that in traversing the streets, they can select from the number of passengers, the particular girls, whose roving eyes, and giddy manners, give them to under-

stand, that they have more passion than prudence : and that if they have not yet fallen, it is because they have not yet run the gauntlet of ardent solicitation. Hear this, ye volatile, and flighty girls ; whether you are sempstresses or servants, milliners, or mantua makers ; whether you trip in couples to the park, or seat yourselves in the two shilling gallery ; whether you go to church or to market, hear and be alarmed. You cannot throw about you one inviting glance, you cannot harbour one lurking leer, you cannot breathe one melting sigh, you cannot indulge one tempting titter, without being observed. The rangers are always hovering about you, ready to grasp at your thoughtless hearts, and seduce you into ruin. It was such a fellow that heard the footman's instructions to Kitty.

He made up to her without the embarrassment of ceremony, and with that familiar expression in his countenance which was calculated to reconcile her to the imprudence of his intrusion. 'Pray, my dear,' says he, 'will you give me leave to conduct you to the end of your journey ?' There are moments in which the heart

is easily beset. Let the reader imagine the situation of the forlorn and simple girl. She was in a state of mind favourable to surprise, and alas ! but too favourable to the designs of gallantry. She turned to the young fellow, on this address, and in the pure ingenuousness of distress, burst into tears. 'Heavens ! my good girl,' says the gentleman, 'what ails you !' 'Are you unhappy, and can I be of service to you ?' Kitty told him, with much discomposure, that she had not a friend in the world, and hardly an acquaintance, that she was in the search of a father, whom she had not seen for many years, and of whose existence she was ignorant, and that she was going to Eltham, and did not know a foot of the way. This account of herself so singular and pathetic, at once roused his suspicions, his curiosity, and his feelings. He knew the town well enough to be on his guard against the lures of the hacknied, and he was aware that artifice might be dignified with the semblance of simplicity. At the same time he was anxious to discover the truth of what she told him, from an earnest desire to assist her if her sorrow was real ; for he

mixed benevolence with gallantry; and though he was heartily disposed to debauch her if innocent, he was as well inclined to protect her if friendless. He soothed her with the most endearing condescensions, and intreated her to step in somewhere, that he might be able to inquire if the coaches for Eltham were gone out, or that he might provide for her some way or another. She made no hesitation, and he carried her into the Rummer tavern, one of those convenient houses where intrigues, in whatever place they may be begun, are generally concluded. He called for a bottle of wine, and heard from Kitty the particulars of her story, as we have related them. The romantic fate of her mother, and the very lamentable situation of the girl herself, made him take a peculiar interest in her affairs. He determined with glowing and honest generosity to shield her from all the difficulties to which she was exposed; But while he was thus to guard her from others, he made a reservation in favour of himself.

(To be Continued.)

*The* SPECULATOR.

NUMBER IX.

SATURDAY, Dec. 22, 1810

— Audi,  
*Nulla unquam de morte hominis cunctatio longa est.* Juv.

(Subject Concluded.)

The Misery of this World, and the proper manner of learning to 'Suffer,' though it is daily taught by example; strikes but lightly upon the senses; mankind do not view with a sufficient degree of caution the hidden quick-sands upon which their bark of prosperity is usually wrecked; they are too liable to be allured by false signals and beacons, until they become overwhelmed in the boisterous surge of destruction. It shall therefore be my feeble endeavour to point out the manner in which the sufferings of life may be borne, though they cannot be avoided; for as my motto saith,

'When Man's life, is in debate,  
The Judge can ne'er too long deliberate'  
The clouds of adversity and mishap shed their pestiferous influence upon all mankind indiscriminately: and he who breasts himself, with the greatest firmness against the unto-

ward contingencies of life, merits exaltation above his repining fellow mortals, and the *palm of victory* is justly his due. Why should we whine at the incontrovertible approaches of misfortune ? Is it not better to bear with manly fortitude, the checkered scenes, incident to our Earthly condition, than by repining add *misery to misery*, and heap upon ourselves an additional weight of grievances ? Surely yes ; and for the exemplification of my subject, I will take the liberty of adducing a few analagous positions. The nature of man is so prone to, and tenacious of superiority, that he will scarcely or ever admit of a rival, either in *Love*, *Riches* or *Honor* : though by the bye, the *pretender* may have no substantial claims in either of the departments ; yet while his means are adequate to his pretension, he will strain every nerve to soar paramount to all competitors : vexations, shifts, trifling, and innumerable meannesses, are the usual auxiliaries, by which the glare of a false exterior is supported. The *misery* of such *boasters* must be consummate ; yet they still pass down the ebb current of life with envy. The *poor*, the *modest* man of

science is hooted and scouted from their presence. If he should dare to enter their Sanctum Sanctorum of Gaiety and Mirth, the supercilious sneer of contempt, warns him of the intrusion : it matters him not to say, I once revelled with you, I once supported in part, your extravagances, I once delivered you from 'hair breadth scapes' and that I am now the only one to whom ye formerly looked for advice and assistance. No, such appeals might be as well made to the idle winds ; misfortune hath reduced you from a *Jack-daw in borrowed plumes*, you have become a *man*, and suit us not. The expression from the gay and fashionable, and the contempt of former *inferiours*, most certainly must cause a pang, but *learning to bear it*, defeats the pointed opprobrium, and completely disarms malignaty of its sting. I have seen a man cloathed in power, with riches immense at his command ; and surrounded by hosts of friends. I have beheld his board groaning beneath the seasons' luxuries, which were freely distributed to each expectant guest, while the convivial sound of merriment echoed through the well furnished hall. I have look-

ed again, and seen the *self-same* man in distress, not by misconduct, but misfortune, struggling under all the ills of life, no carriage attendant at his door, the walls of his house unhung, deserted, drear and forlorn; and the former passages to revelry, unsounded, undisturbed, even by the foot fall of a *friend*! And I have moreover seen the sneer and overheard the remarks of the *treacherous crew*, who had *fat-tened* upon the spoils of his bounty. Yet such men have bravely *suffered*, and it was their duty so to do, for to murmur against the benign will of Providence is to deny the hand by which we are supported.

A man can never be properly styled *Independent*, unless he hath learn'd to *suffer*, for if his faith is pin'd upon the sleeve of every downcast *paltoon*, he may go hang himself. Therefore let those in the downhill of life, truly magnanimously despise the animadversions of a groupe of simpletons, and unanimously determine, and hold it as their creed, that those "*who know not how to suffer, were born for nothing.*"

\* \* \* It is not my wish to restrict the effusions of modes-

ty and merit, and though I have heretofore denied '*Josephus*' a place in my columns. His present essay is inserted with pleasure, that he may go on and improve is my sincere wish.

The extempore lines of G. W. are very good, considering them as a first attempt. It should be the delight of every American to foster and encourage genius.

A number of other Communications are under consideration. O.

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*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

.....  
**VARIETY.**  
 .....

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

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 "Every thing in this world is big with jest, and has wit in it, and instruction too, if we can but find it out."

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A clergyman who wished to know if the children of the parish understood their Bibles, asked a lad that he had one day found reading the Old Testament, who was the wickedest man? 'Moses to be sure, Sir,' said the boy.—'Moses!' exclaimed the parson, 'Moses! how could that

be?'—'Why,' said the lad, 'he broke all the commandments at once.'

In some parish churches it was formerly the custom to separate the men from the women. A clergyman being interrupted by loud talking, stopped short, when a woman, eager for the honour of her sex, arose and said, 'Your reverence, the noise is not among us.' 'So much the better,' answered the priest, 'it will be the sooner over.'

A person advertising for a country house thus concludes, 'If no hounds within ten miles, and if no attorney within twenty, the more agreeable.'

Shortly after the publication of the second edition of Burns' Poems, and while almost every person was eager to see their author, it was understood that he was to be in Glasgow on a certain day. On that day a stranger was perceived to come into the coffee-room, and it was immediately whispered that he was Burns. A gentleman (an admirer of the Poems) went up to him—told him 'he was exceedingly happy to see him; for that though he had not the honour of a personal

acquaintance with him, yet he was no stranger to his works, which had given great and general satisfaction.' The stranger answered, 'he was very glad to find his works were approved of!' The admirer of Burns then remarked, 'that there was a good deal of salt in them.' The stranger replied, 'he hoped there was not too much salt in them,'—and a conversation full of similar *equivokes*, was carried on for some time, until an explanation was at last the wish of both parties—when it turned out that the supposed Poet was neither more nor less than a person—who cured Irish herrings.

We talk of Irish blunders—one of our divines seems to have carried them as far as they would go, when in a sermon exclaiming about universal depravity of the age, he said, that 'Little children who could neither walk nor speak, ran about the streets blaspheming the Almighty.'

We search after three things honour, riches, and repose.—He who lives retired from the world gains honour; he who is contented with what he has, is rich; he who despises the world and does not occupy himself with it, will find repose.

A few years ago, when Bonaparte threatened to invade England, a person of the sect called Quakers, residing at Epping, in the county of Essex, being afraid, if such an event should take place, that he might lose his money; thought of the following stratagem to save it. He resolved to hide 200l. upon Epping Forest; but conceiving that, should he die, or be killed by the enemy, it would not be prudent to conceal it without acquainting a friend therewith, he fixed upon his neighbour, a Smith, as a proper person to be entrusted with the secret. They set out together and chose a spot by the side of a large oak, where a hole was soon made, and the money very carefully deposited, taking great care to cover it up with such exactness that no person travelling by chance that way might have any suspicion. They returned home. The next morning early, the smith went and took the money away, not thinking the Quaker would so soon suspect his integrity. The Quaker however, paid a visit to the spot where his beloved treasure was deposited, when, to his surprise, it was gone. Suspicion immediately fell upon the

smith; but instead of accusing him, he thought of the following stratagem to get the money back; he informed the smith, he wished to add another 50l. This had the desired effect, for the smith immediately went and replaced the 200l. not only to prevent his neighbour from judging him to be the thief, but to get the other 50l. Away they both went together, and opening the hole, the Quaker, to his great joy, discovered his once purloined hoard, and immediately uttered the following ejaculation: 'Ah! my friend, I find thee goest and comest; but for fear that thee should go and never return, I'll e'en take thee home, for I think thee art as safe in my house as on Epping Forest.' Thus ended the matter to the no small mortification of the smith



*Fatal effects of Excessive Joy.*

On Wednesday last, died, at Billericay, Essex, Mr. John Burles, shoemaker, of Chatham, aged 45. He had just recovered a considerable estate, which he had been kept out of more than 20 years: and such was his ecstasy on receiving possession, and his first rents, that he was seized with a fever, that terminated his existence in a few hours. (Lon. p.

A cutler has got a board over his door, on which is inscribed *New invented SPURS for Ladies*. Several well-informed gentlemen of our acquaintance assures us, that the ladies of the present day have more occasion for new invented *Bridles*.

Beltbazar Gratian recommends all travellers to seek for the following rarities, in every country that may visit.

A great Lord without debts. A Prince who was never offended at hearing truth. A Poet who became rich by his muse. An humble Spaniard. A silent Frenchman. A sober German. A chaste Widow. A *sincere* Female! A Learned Man recompensed. A discontented Madman. Or, a true Friend. He might have added, *an honest Lawyer*, which would perhaps be a greater rarity than any of the foregoing; for he would 'be a man of a thousand!'

A certain preacher having changed his religion, was much blamed by many of his friends for having deserted them.—— To excuse himself he said he had seven reasons, and being asked what they were, replied, *A wife and six children*.

## LADY'S MISCELLANY.

NEW-YORK, December 22, 1810.

"Be it our task,  
To note the passing tidings of the time."

The City Inspector reports the death of 33 persons in this city and suburbs during the last week.

## Coroner's Reports.

On the 15th inst. a Coroner's inquest was held over the bodies of Peter Adams, and Patrick Sullivan; verdict of the jury, accidental death, by suffocation, in attempting this morning to go in the hold of a ship, lying at Jones' wharf, of which they had the care, whilst they were burning in the hold of said ship two fires of charcoal to destroy the rats.

On the 18th, the body of Cornelius Neal, late of East George-street, who escaped from his sick bed in a state of derangement, in the snow-storm on the evening of the 11th ult. was found in the East river, and brought ashore and interred.

On the 19th, the coroner visited the body of Samuel M'Combs, a laborer, about 35 years old, who died on the 18th in a fit of intoxication, in the

Sixth Ward. 'My life for another dram', it is said where the last words of this miserable wretch.

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On Thursday last, previous to the adjournment of the court of Oyer and Terminer, James Johnson, a black; convicted of the murder of Lewis Robinson, and John Sinclair, convicted of the murder of David Hill, his landlord, by stabbing him under the ribs with a knife were brought up to receive sentence. Chief Justice Kent, after a pathetic address to the prisoners, sentenced them for execution, on the last Friday in January next.

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**POLICE-OFFICE,**  
Dec. 20, 1810.

Two attempts in the present week to set on fire dwelling-houses, and which happily was discovered in time, by the watch, leave no doubt of the existence of a band of incendiaries, whose object is plunder. The citizens, particularly those residing in the upper parts of the city, are requested to be more than usually attentive to their dwellings, and to convey to the watch-houses all suspicious persons whom they may find in the night lurking about their premises.

It is stated, in the Evening Post, that the Corporation of this city have concluded a contract with Mr. Fulton, for the permanent employment of his steam-boats at the Powles Hook Ferry. The boats are to be so constructed, that eight or ten Coaches and Waggon with their loads can be driven into them with safety. A boat will start every half hour.—

This arrangement must prove highly commodious and beneficial to us and our Jersey neighbours.

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In consequence of the advance of paper from 20 to 25, and of printing types from 25 to 30 per cent. the Publishers of all the daily papers at Baltimore, have agreed to add one dollar to the amount of their Subscriptions, from and after the first of Jan. next.

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An officer of high rank at Malta, is reported to have fallen in love with the eldest daughter of Lucien Bonaparte.

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Gen. Armstrong arrived at the Fountain Inn, Baltimore, on Sunday evening last.

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A Newburyport paper states that the fort on Plumb-Island is destroyed by a storm—the guard-house alone remaining.

## MARRIED,

On Thursday evening, 13th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Broadhead, Mr. John Maurice, of the firm of Gillespie and Maurice, to Miss Catherine Cole, daughter of the late Mr. Peter Cole, all of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Moore, Mr. Henry A. Ten Broeck, mer. of the house of David Cargill & Co. to Miss Rhoda G. Brown, all of this city.

On Tuesday, 11th inst. by the Rev. Gardner Spring, Mr. Wm. Couch, of the house of Stebbins and Couch, to Miss Ellen V. Stebbins, daughter of Mr. David Stebbins, all of this city.

On Monday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Broadhead, Mr. John D. Keese, of the house of Lawrence & Keese, to Miss Harriet Mumford, daughter of John P. Mumford, Esq.

On Monday evening, at the seat of Mr. Samuel Burling, by the Rev. Dr. Hams, Mr. David Higginbotham, of Milton, Virginia, to Miss Mary E. Garriquel, of Philadelphia.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Miller, Mr. George Bowen, to Mrs. Harriet Bloodgood, both of this city.

On Sunday the 2d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Thomas, Hickson Wilson, esq. to the amiable Miss Hannah Webb, daughter of Elihsa Webb, esq. all of New-Rochelle.

On Sunday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Parkinson, Mr. Henry C. Disbrow, to Mrs. Margaret Whimster, both of this city.

On Saturday evening, 15th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Bowen, Mr. Isaac Brown, to Miss Catherine Sergeant, daughter of Mr. James Sergeant, all of this city.

On the 11th inst. by the Rev. John M'Nise, Mr. Wm. Shields, to Mrs. Margaret M'Cready, both of this city.

At Albany, Killian Van Renselaer, to Miss Catharine Witbeck. At Savannah, Daniel Dixon, to Miss Sarah Henrietta Patterson.

At Poughkeepsie, on the 8th inst. Mr. Elijah Secor, of the firm of Hathaway, Secor, & Co. to Miss Maria S. Heermance, niece of the Hon Robert Williams.

At Philadelphia, Mr. David Stevens, of Savannah, merchant, to Miss Theresa Care.

At Charleston, Edward Simons, esq. to Miss Mary Read Simons; Richard Stiff, to Miss Mary Mitchell; Christian Adam Bebz, to Miss Barbara Margaret Kahule. At Norfolk, R. W. Baugh, to Miss Cirsnah Yarwood.

## DIED,

On Friday evening, suddenly, Mr. Gurdon Backus.

On the 19th inst. after a lingering illness, Mrs. Hannah Carpenter, in the 49th year of her age, relict of the late Jacob Carpenter, shipwright.

On Wednesday, 12th inst. of a lingering and painful illness, Mrs. Sarah Sickles, widow of the late Robert Sickles, in the 90th year of her age.

On the 13th inst. after a long and painful disease, Mrs. Esther Angevine, wife of Mr. James Angevine.

On Thursday morning, of a pleurisy, Mr. Michael Holmes, rigger, formerly of Newburyport, Massachusetts.

At Albany, Enoch Leonard, esq. aged 55.

At Philadelphia, Thomas Page, aged 35. At Caldwell, Joseph Gould, aged 74.

At Philadelphia, Peter Broton, esq. a native of England. In Abbington township, the Rev William Tenant.

At Norwich, Con. the 28th ult. Christopher Leffingwell, esq. an old and respectable inhabitant of that place.

At St Simons, William Brailsford, formerly of S. Carolina.

At Rutland, Vt. on the 5th December, the Hon Israel Smith, late Governor of that State, in the 52d year of his age, one of the worthiest of Patriots.

At Stamford, Anthony Marvin, esq. surrogate of the county of Delaware.



"Apollo struck the enchanting Lyre,  
The Muses sung in strains alternate."

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*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

Mr. Editor,

You will extremely oblige, by giving publicity to the following lines—  
Addressed

To I. V. A.

'FOR whom' you ask me, 'do I sigh;  
And oft my passion do reprove :  
But who can view that sparkling eye,  
That brilliant gem of her I love

Without one secret pang : unknown  
E'en to the sweet unconscious fair,  
Cupid has mark'd me for his own,  
A victim of fell, dread despair.

Her breast, the seat of heavenly peace,  
Her mind the standard of her soul,  
Possess'd of every shining grace ;  
And virtue's image makes her whole.

Dare then no more ; I pray you sir !  
To counteract my virtuous love ;  
And never let me hear you more,  
Complain of what you can't remove.

JOSEPHUS.

*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

*The Author being interrogated respecting  
a certain Young Lady, made the following  
reply, Extempore :—*

Yes, I love ; I own the flame :  
From NANCY's beauteous eye it came,  
In raptures thrilling.

For who cou'd view that smiling face,  
And pleasing form, divinely grac'd,  
With merit most alluring.

And not feel Love's powerful dart,  
Which pierces' many a wayward heart,  
With Beauty less enticing ?

G. W.

# REFLECTIONS

*On the approach of Winter.*

DESPONDING Nature droops her  
head,

And shrinks before the northern blast,  
The trees their 'leafy honor's shed,  
And Autumn's glory flies in haste.

From Zembla's cold and dreary shores  
Bleak Winter comes with rapid  
strides,

Of storms he brings his various sores,  
And pours them down the mountain  
sides.

O, Man ! behold the year decay,  
And cast a thought on seasons gone  
Thy spirit too must wing her way  
To realms far distant and unknown.

The fading glory of the year  
Should bid thee think upon thy doom ;  
Thou canst not tell the day how near,  
Which lays thee in the silent tomb !

Winter may clothe in white the plain,  
And bind in ice the limpid stream,  
But genial Spring dispels his reign,  
And wakens Nature from her dream.

Ah! when thy *morn* of youth is fled,  
No *second* Spring to thee returns;  
When age with snow shall crown thy  
head,

The lamp of life but faintly burns.

Then be prepar'd to meet thy God:  
Let not thine eyes be fix'd on earth:  
But upwards look to that abode,  
Where love eternal claims its birth.

Years may in swift succession roll,  
And each in full fruition bring;  
But that immortal spark, *the Soul*,  
Shall flourish in perennial Spring:

---

SONG.

*By Robert Burns.*

MUSING on the roaring Ocean,  
Which divid<sup>d</sup> my love and me:  
Wearying in warm devotion,  
For his weal where'er he be.

Hope and Fear's alternate billow  
Yielding late to Nature's law,  
Whispering spirits round my pillow,  
Talk of him that's far awa.

Ye whom Sorrow never wounded;  
Ye who never shed a tear;  
Care untroubled, joy surrounded,  
Gaudy day to you is dear.

Gentle night do you befriend me:  
Downy sleep, the curtain draw:  
Spirits kind, again attend me,  
Talk of him that's far awa.

---

EPITAPH

*On a Tailor, who was given to dunning.*  
Here lies W. W.  
Who ne'er more will trouble you, trouble  
you,

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